MARVEL COMICS
THE COSMIC AVENGER!
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ARENA OF DEATH!
MIKE KEITH
TUTINAX ATTACKS!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:
QUASAR
MARS, THE FOURTH PLANET FROM THE SUN...
SO THE LITTLE HUMAN WANTS TO FIGHT, EH?
THE BLOOD BROTHERS WILL GIVE HIM THE FIGHT OF HIS LIFE!
BWHAMM
GYAA!
GAMES DEVIANTS PLAY

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GIVE IT TO HIM, BROTHER!

WUGG

SHOW HIM WHY WE WERE THE *TOP AGENTS* OF MIGHTY *THANOS*--BEFORE OUR LIEGE DISAPPEARED AND *ABANDONED* US ON THAT MUDBALL *EARTH!*

KRAK!

UHLL!

HERE!

NOW *ME!* NOW *ME!*

THESE FISTS HAVE PUMMELED *IRON MAN*--*HERCULES*--THE *THING*--!

WOK!

YOU ARE HARDLY IN *THEIR LEAGUE*, STRIPLING!

HE STILL *TWITCHES*. APPARENTLY WE HAVE NOT YET BEATEN THE *LIME* OUT OF HIM.

THAT CAN BE *REMEDIED*.

MAY NOT HAVE BEEN MY *BRIGHTEST IDEA*...

...HAVING THE *VAULT* TURN THESE TWO *EXTRATERRESTRIALS* OVER TO ME FOR *DEPORTATION*...

...FLYING THEM TO *MARS*...

...THEN CHALLENGING THEM TO A *DUKE-OUT*...!

DON'T S'POSE I WANTED TO HAVE THE TAR BEATEN OUT OF ME, DO YOU?

GIVE ME SOME EXTERNAL PAIN TO TAKE MY MIND OFF MY INNER ACHING... MY FEELING OF TOTAL INEPTNESS...?

NAH... JUST TRYING TO BOLSTER MY BATTLE PROWESS... MY PAIN TOLERANCE... YEAH, THAT'S--

WONDER MAN TO QUASAR. OUR MUTUAL FRIEND IS MOVING!

HEY! WHAT--?

THAOOM

YOU STOOGES HAD YOUR CHANCE...

DO US ALL A FAVOR, IF YOU EVER MANAGE TO GET OFF THIS WORLD, DON'T COME BACK TO EARTH!

...DIDN'T USE MY QUANTUM-BANDS FOR ANYTHING BUT MY LIFE-SUSTAINING ENERGY-FIELD!

BUT I'VE GOTTA RUN NOW.

OR I'LL HAUL YOUR BUTTS EVEN FARTHER AWAY NEXT TIME!

COME BACK, COWARD!

OKAY, I'M FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM MARS'S ATMOSPHERE--

--TO QUANTUM-JUMP!

TA-DAA. 140 MILLION MILES IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, ON THE CALIFORNIA COASTLINE...

THERE YOU ARE!

SORRY IT TOOK SO LONG. I WAS OFFWORLD.

HOW IS HE?

OH, MARKAR! SEEMS TO HAVE FULLY RECOVERED.

THAT'S GOOD. I WANT TO TALK TO HIM.

THAT'S NOT GOING TO BE POSSIBLE, QUAS. THE MOMENT HE AWAKENED, HE BOLTED OUT OF HERE LIKE HE HAD A LIGHTNING BUG DOWN HIS PANTS.

YOU'RE KIDDING. AND NO ONE--

LISTEN, THE WEST COAST COMPOUND HAS DEFENSE SYSTEMS THAT ARE PROOF AGAINST QUICKSILVER--

--AND YET HE GOT BY THEM ALL.

HMM.

SAY, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR FACE?

UH, WALKED INTO SOMEBODY'S FIST.

THANKS FOR CALLING ME, WONDER MAN. I'LL LET YOU KNOW IF I RUN INTO HIM AGAIN.

YOU DO THAT, KID. TAKE CARE.

LATER, IN NEW YORK...

NO TIME TO CHECK OUT THAT CRAZY ALIMMER NOW. I'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK.

GREAT. SOMEONE'S OPENING THE DOOR. AT LEAST THREE FEET CLEARANCE.

HEY--!

WOOSH

ONE OF THESE DAYS I'M GOING TO HAVE TO FIGURE OUT A MORE CONVENIENT WAY IN.

I'VE BEEN FORTUNATE TO AVOID RUNNING INTO THE FANTASTIC FOUR IN THE MONTHS I'VE BEEN THEIR TENANT HERE.

LOOKS LIKE THEY HAVEN'T DISCOVERED THE LITTLE CLOTHES LOCKER I INSTALLED IN THE MAIN ELEVATOR SHAFT, EITHER...

AND AFTER A QUICK CHANGE...

MR. VAUGHN! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE HERE! WE'VE BEEN GOING CRAZY! WE'VE JUST GOTTEN ANOTHER JOB! THAT MAKES FOUR! ONLY ONE MORE AND--

--AND THAT MS. STECKLEY WILL HAVE MADE GOOD ON HER BARGAIN TO DRUM UP FIVE CLIENTS IN ONE WEEK, AND THEN I'LL BE OBLIGED TO HIRE HER.

YES!

HE DIDN'T SEEM ALL THAT UPSET ABOUT IT, DID HE, KENNY?

APPARENTLY, THE BOSS-MAN DIDN'T TAKE THE INSTANT DISLIKE TO THE LADY THAT YOU DID, KAYLA.

YOU THOUGHT SHE WAS ICKY, TOO, DIDN'T YOU?

A BIT FULL OF HERSELF. BUT WITH RESULTS LIKE SHE'S BEEN GETTING, MAYBE SHE'S GOT GOOD CAUSE.

HATED TO BE SO *ABRUPT* WITH MY CO-WORKERS...

...BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO PAUSE LONG ENOUGH FOR THEM TO NOTICE MY *BLACK EYE*.

REALLY *OUGHT* TO CLUE THEM IN ON MY DOUBLE IDENTITY ONE OF THESE DAYS. MAKE LIFE A LOT *EASIER*.

THE EXTRADIMENSIONAL *STAR CHAMBER* BEHIND MY BOOKSHELF IS *ANOTHER* MATTER ALTO--

DAD?!?

HELLO, *WENDELL*. EON AND I WERE JUST *TALKING* ABOUT YOU.

I'LL *BET*.

SAY, DAD, CAN I SPEAK TO YOU IN *PRIVATE* A MINUTE? IT'S *IMPORTANT*.

VERY WELL, SON. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

UH, LOOK, DAD, I'M NOT TRYING TO SPOIL YOUR *FUN* OR ANYTHING, BUT EVERY TIME I *TURN AROUND*, YOU'RE IN HERE CHATTING IT UP WITH MY *COSMIC MENTOR!*

IT'S NOT *REALLY* ME HERE, SON--SIMPLY A *MENTAL PROJECTION* THAT EON--

THAT'S *BECAUSE* THE POINT, DAD. THE *POINT* IS YOUR *CONSTANT VISITING* WITH EON IS REALLY *BOTHERING* ME.

I FEEL LIKE YOU TWO ARE... I DON'T KNOW, SITTING AROUND *JUDGING* ME WAITING FOR ME TO *POOP UP* SO YOU CAN GIVE ME *DISAPPROVING LOOKS--!*

WENDELL, IT'S *NOT LIKE THAT* AT ALL. WE SIMPLY--

PLEASE, DAD, BEING *PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE* IS HARD ENOUGH. DON'T MAKE IT *WORSE* BY COMING BETWEEN ME AND MY "BOSS," OKAY?

IF THAT'S HOW YOU'D *LIKE* IT.

FTTT

WHY DID GILBERT CHOOSE TO TERMINATE OUR INTERFACE?

YOU'RE OMNISCIENT. YOU TELL ME.

QUASAR...?

WHAT THE HECK IS THE *MATTER* WITH ME, FLYING OFF THE HANDLE LIKE THAT...

...GETTING BOTH MY *DAD* AND MY *MENTOR* IRKED AT ME IN ONE FELL SWOOP.

IT'S ALL THIS *PRESSURE*... *UNCERTAINTY*...

I'M SITTING AROUND WAITING FOR THE *BIG DEAL COSMIC THREAT* EON APPOINTED ME SPECIFICALLY TO COMBAT... DEALING WITH VARIOUS *SMALL POTATOES* IN THE MEANTIME--

--AND BOLLIXING *THAT* UP ROYALLY. I LET DIPSTICKS LIKE *MODAM*, ...*DR. MINERVA*... *MODRED* THE BLASTED *MYSTIC* GIVE *ME* A HARD TIME!

HARD TIMES MINERVA WOULD'VE AMPUTATED MY *HANDS* IF EON HADN'T INTERVENED...AND IT TOOK THAT BRITISH SUPER-TEAM *EXCALIBUR* TO HAUL MY BACON OUT OF *MODRED'S* FIRE--!*

I'M JUST... I DON'T KNOW... SO *FRUSTRATED*... WHAT A WASTE I AM!

*IN THE PAST TWO ISSUES.

I'M SURE IN *ONE SORRY MOOD* TO GET ANY WORK DONE HERE.

KAYLA, CALL UP ALL OUR PROSPECTIVE *CLIENTS* AND ARRANGE FOR *MEETINGS* ON SUCCESSIVE DAYS. KEN, DO SOME BASIC RESEARCH ON THE *FIRMS* IN QUESTION SO WE DON'T HAVE TO WALK IN *COLD*.

I'M TAKING THE REST OF THE DAY *OFF*.

SLAM!

SOMETHING BIG'S EATING HIM.

YEAH...WISH HE'D *TRUST* US ENOUGH TO *CLUE US IN* ABOUT IT.

MINUTES LATER...

NEED SOME SPACE...

I THINK I'VE BEEN GOING ABOUT TRYING TO SECURE THE WORLD AGAINST MENACES FROM SPACE SOMEWHAT HALFCOCKED...

THESE PAST FEW MONTHS OF TRYING TO IDENTIFY ALL THE EXTRATERRESTRIALS CURRENTLY ON EARTH PRESUPPOSES THAT THE BIG COSMIC THREAT IS ALREADY ON EARTH HIDING OUT.

I HAVEN'T DONE SQUAT TO ACTUALLY SAFEGUARD THE PLANET FROM WHATEVER NEW EXTRATERRESTRIAL MENACE MAY SHOW UP.

TODAY I CHANGE THAT.

I'M GOING TO CREATE A HUGE LATTICEWORK OF ENERGY TO BLANKET THE GLOBE...

IT'LL HANG UP HERE IN THE EXOSPHERE PERMANENTLY...INVISIBLY...

...AND WHENEVER ANYTHING LARGER THAN A MICROMETEORITE PASSES THROUGH IT, IT'LL SET MY QUANTUM-BANDS BUZZING.

NOT ONLY THAT, I'LL MAKE IT SENSITIVE TO ANY EXOTIC ANOMALY ENERGETIC POWER MANIFESTATIONS GOING ON DOWN BELOW.

THERE. IT'S *DONE.*

SO WHY DIDN'T I THINK OF THIS *BEFORE?*

BECAUSE I'M A *JERK.* THAT'S WHY.

SO WHY DIDN'T EON *SUGGEST* THAT I DO THIS?

BECAUSE HE LIKES HIS APPOINTEES TO FIGURE OUT THESE THINGS BY *THEMSELVES,* I GUESS.

NOW THEN, *JERK,* ANYTHING *ELSE* YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN DOING ALL ALONG?

BEATS ME.

MAYBE IF I DO A COUPLE *LAPS* AROUND THE EARTH, I'LL--

YO! THE *ENERGY-NET* JUST PICKED UP ITS FIRST EXOTIC ENERGY DISCHARGE-- *TACHYONS!**

LET'S SEE, WHO DO I KNOW WHO HARNESSES *TACHYONS*-- BESIDES THAT SPEED FREAK, *MAKKARI,* THAT IS?

THANKS TO MY *ENERGY GRID,* I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO HOME IN ON HIM FAR BETTER THAN BY MY OLD *SCATTERSHOT METHOD.*

**HYPOTHETICAL FASTER-THAN-LIGHT PARTICLES.*

AND SOON...

IF I REMEMBER MY *GEOGRAPHY* CORRECTLY, I'M IN THE *HIMALAYAS!*

THE TACHYON TRAILS SEEM TO STOP *HERE.*

IT'S HIM-- *MAKKARI!*

?

?

THUB THUB

ZZSSH

KICKING UP SUCH A WIND-- PROBABLY CAN'T HEAR ME!

HOLD IT-- I JUST WANT TO TALK--!

THUB THUB THUB

MAYBE IF I MAKE HIS RACETRACK THE CONSISTENCY OF MOLASSES!

WHOAAA!

I'M STUCK AS A DUCK IN THE MUCK!

I SURRENDER, O MASTER MUCK-MAKER!

JUST WANT TO TALK TO YOU, FELLA. I'M THE GUY WHO BROUGHT YOU TO THE AVENGERS' MEDICAL FACILITY WHEN YOU LOOKED LIKE YOU WERE READY TO RUN AWAY WITH YOURSELF.*

*LAST ISSUE.

THAT WAS *YOU*, HUH? WELL, AHEH, GUESS MY FLURRY OF *FLYING FISTS* WAS AN ODD WAY TO THANK YOU. YOU *DID* SNEAK UP ON ME, YOU KNOW.

YOU WEREN'T ABLE TO *HURT* ME, SO NO HARM DONE. NOW HOW ABOUT *EXPLAINING* TO ME WHAT WAS WITH YOU RUNNING SO FAST ACROSS THE PACIFIC THAT YOU WERE LEAVING *TIDAL WAVES* IN YOUR WAKE?

OH. *THAT*.

"INTERESTING STORY, ACTUALLY. STARTED HERE IN THE HIMALAYAN RETREAT OF *MASTER ELO*, THE ETERNALS' GROOVIEST *GURU*.

"I CAME TO HIM SO HE COULD HELP ME LEARN TO CHANNEL ALL MY *BODILY ENERGY* INTO MY FAVORITE PURSUIT--*SPEED*.

"STAYED WITH THE *OLD DUDE* FOR OVER A YEAR, DOING *EVERY EXERCISE* HE SHOWED ME.

"FINALLY, CLASS WAS *DISMISSED*, AND MASTER E TOLD ME I COULD *SPLIT*.

"SO I DID.

"OKAY, SO I GOT A LITTLE *CARRIED AWAY* WITH MYSELF.

"ANYHOW, AFTER A WEEK'S BED REST AT THE *AVENGERS'*, I RAN BACK HERE TO ELO'S SWINGIN' *SANCTUM* TO TELL HIM HOW *GREAT* HIS TUTORING WORKED...

"...ONLY THERE WAS NO SIGN OF *HIS MASTERFULNESS*...EXCEPT FOR A BIG '*D*" ETCHED IN THE DIRT."

"A BIG D."

RIGHT-O. "D" AS IN *DEVIANTS*. THOSE HOSTILE *NUNGADUNGAS*, THAT ARE EVOLUTIONARY OFFSHOOTS OF YOU *HUMAN TYPES*, JUST LIKE *US ETERNALS*, ONLY WORSE.

ELO WOULDN'T LEAVE HIS DIGS HERE FOR ALL THE GALS IN GAMMORAH. ERGO, HE WAS *KIDNAPED*!

BY THE *DEVIANTS*, YOU THINK. HMMM, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN *CURIOUS* ABOUT THOSE PEOPLE. TELL YOU WHAT, HOW ABOUT I *TAG ALONG* WITH YOU. THAT IS--IF YOU'RE GOING TO CHECK OUT YOUR *TEACHER'S DISAPPEARANCE*.

SURE--

--PROVIDED YOU CAN *KEEP UP* WITH ME!

ZZSH

WISE GUY THINKS I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH HIM.

I'LL SHOW HIM.

THWAP

AND AWAY WE GO!

THE CAPED CRAWDADDY WANTS TO MAKE LIKE A *HANG GLIDER*--FINE BY *ME*.

THE DRAG SHOULDN'T REDUCE MY SPEED BY MORE'N A FEW FEET PER *SECOND*, I SHOULD THINK.

NEGLECTED TO ASK IF HE HAD ANY IDEA WHERE HE WAS *GOING*.

MAN, CAN THIS GUY *MOVE*...IT'S ALL BEEN A *BLUR* BUT I THINK WE JUST COVERED THE ENTIRE *ASIAN CONTINENT* AND ARE HEADING OUT TO *SEA*.

FINALLY...

HE'S SKIDDING TO A *STOP*...

...HERE IN *MID-OCEAN*.

AN *AIR POCKET* MIGHT BE IN ORDER.

WHERE TO *NOW*?

THE *OCEAN FLOOR*. THE DEVIANTS' CAPITAL CITY IS SOMEWHERE OFF THE *MARIANA TRENCH*.

OKAY, LET'S HAVE A LOOK.

TELL ME SOMETHING, MAKKARI, WHAT'S THE STATE OF THE DEVIANTS' *TECHNOLOGY*?

IN CERTAIN RESPECTS, IT'S MORE *ADVANCED* THAN YOU *HUMANS* HAVE, IN OTHERS, IT'S MORE *BACKWARD*. THEY DON'T HAVE *VCRS*, F'R INSTANCE.

BUT THEY *DO* HAVE *ELECTRICITY* OR SOME POWER SOURCE I MIGHT BE ABLE TO *HOME IN ON*?

RIGHT ON, BAND-MAN!

SAY, WHERE DID YOU LEARN *ENGLISH*?

JUST PICKED IT UP. TALK LIKE A *NATIVE*, HUH?

ALMOST AN HOUR LATER...

THIS IS IT--*LEMURIA*, CAPITAL OF THE *DEVIANT EMPIRE*!

THE DEVIANTS ARE *WATER-BREATHERS*?

NO WAY. THEY LIVE IN A BIG *POCKET OF AIR* IN THE CENTER OF THE CITY.

SEE THAT *SEA SERPENT'S MOUTH*--THAT'S ONE OF THE *ENTRANCES*!

AND...

HE'S RIGHT. PASS THROUGH A COUPLE OF *PRESSURE SEALS* AND EMERGE SOMEWHERE IN AN *AIR-FILLED CITY!*

WHAT KIND OF *SECURITY* DO THEY HAVE HERE? THINK ANYONE KNOWS WE'RE *HERE?*

SECURITY? HOW MUCH SECURITY DOES ANYONE *NEED* AT THE BOTTOM OF THE *OCEAN?*

GOOD POINT.

WELL, THANKS FOR THE *LIFT.* NOW YOU JUST *WAIT HERE* WHILE I SEARCH EVERY NOOK AND CRANNY OF *DEVE-TOWN* FOR MY *MAIN MAN.*

WAIT--I--

SHOULD'VE EXPECTED *THAT.*

WELL, IF HE THINKS I'M GONNA JUST *STAND AROUND* WHILE THERE'S A WHOLE *SUB-SEA CITY* TO *EXPLORE,* HE CAN *FORGET* IT.

I'D BE A *SORRY EXCUSE* FOR A PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE IF I COULDN'T EVEN ACCOUNT FOR ALL THE WONDERS OF MY *OWN HOME WORLD.*

WAIT. I *AM* A SORRY EXCUSE FOR PROTECTOR OF THE UNIVERSE. DON'T TELL ME MY "RUN-IN" WITH MAKKARI IS ACTUALLY GETTING MY *MIND* OFF MY INADEQUACIES.

I HAVE TO ADMIT MAKKARI IS A PRETTY *INTERESTING* COMPANION.

HMM. DIDN'T THINK TO ASK MAK WHAT LEMURIA'S *POPULATION* WAS. BUT SO FAR I HAVEN'T SEEN A *SINGLE SOUL.* WHERE *IS* EVERYBODY?

I HEAR SOME KIND OF COMMOTION COMING FROM THIS EDIFICE. THE TOWN HALL MAYBE?

NOT QUITE.

COME ON, TUTHVAX! MURDER HIM!

KILL THE REJECT!

RAN-SAK! RAN-SAK! RAN-SAK!

DIE!

DIE!

DIE!

BAM WHAM THRAM

GAAARRGH!

TUTINAX WILL KILL YOU FOR THAT!

THUNT

I AM TUTINAX! I HAVE THE POWER TO MOVE MOUNTAINS! I AM THE MASTER OF THE ARENA!

AND YOU-- WITHOUT YOUR POWER-LANCE, YOU ARE NOTHING. RANSAK-- NOTHING BUT A CRETIN!

THAT HULK-CREATURE IS PULPING THAT HUMAN-LOOKING GUY.

I CAN'T JUST STAND BY WATCHING SOMEONE GET MURDERED!

THAT LIGHT-- WHERE--?

LOOK!

WHO DARES--?

CHEAT! CHEAT!

GET HIM!

COVER'S BLOWN!

MAY AS WELL GO ALL-OUT!

YO, LITTLE BOY BLUE! I CHALLENGE YOU--TO A REAL FIGHT!

WHAT?!?

SIRE? WHOEVER THE BRASH INTRUDER IS, THE CROWD DESIRES HIS BLOOD!

LET THE GAMES PROCEED, CHUDAR!

THIS GUY MAKES THE BLOOD BROTHERS LOOK CUDDLY. OUGHTA REALLY BE ABLE TO GIVE ME A GOOD WORKOUT.

HYAAARRHNNNH?

OLE!

THAT LITTLE STUNT WAS A CROWD-PLEASER. AND THEY AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN' YET!

I'M NOT GOING TO REFRAIN FROM USING MY Q-BANDS ON THIS--

"--MOTHER--?!?"

WHAT'S-- THAT'S MY-- HOW DID--?

WHOMP

OAO!

WHOMP

OAO!

DON'T *KNOW* HOW THESE DEVIANTS BROUGHT DAD *HERE*...

...OR HOW THEY GOT HIM TO *FIGHT* ME--BUT *THEY DID!*

I'M *NOT* YOUR "DAD!"

STOP *CALLING* ME THAT!

WHUG

STOK

MORE BLOOD!

DEATH TO ALL *ETERNALS!*

KILL THE *CHEAT!*

KILL HIM, TUTINAX!

DAD...*STOP*... PLEASE! YOU'RE THE ONE GUY IN ALL THE WORLD I COULD NEVER... RAISE MY HAND--

OOOO.

MEANWHILE IN CONNECTICUT...

THAT *SON* OF MINE MAKES ME SO *ANGRY* SOMETIMES...!

BEEN TRYING TO JOT DOWN A REASONED *RESPONSE* TO HIS UNCALLED-FOR DIATRIBE FOR *HOURS* NOW...

...AND I JUST CAN'T *SEEM* TO--*OH!*

HUUK

HUUK

HUUK

THE ARENA...

KILL HIM!

CRUSH HIM!

GO, TUTINAX!

LOOK OUT!

BEATH!

THUNK

WHO DARES--?!?

I DARE!

YOU ARE TOO MUSCLEBOUND TO *REACH* ME BACK HERE, OAF! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS--

--NIT

YOU

TILL

YOU

DROP!

CAN'T BE *HAPPENING*...! I'M...

RAN-SAK!

RAN-SAK!

RAN-SAK!

RAN-SAK!

HE CHEATED!

TUTINEX IS DOWN!

IMPOSSIBLE!

NOW FOR THE *INTERLOPER*--!

NAL THE NEW CHAMPION!

ZYSSH

WH--?

THUG

CAN'T LEAVE LEMURIA WITHOUT MY ENERGETIC ESCORT.

HE IS NOT ETERNAL.

NOPE. NUMAN.

HE LOOKS INJURED.

YUP. HE SOMEHOW MANAGED TO GET HIMSELF IN A LITTLE DUKE-OUT WITH TUTINAX THE MOUNTAIN MOVER!

HEY, BAND-MAN--YOU ALIVE?

D-DAD...?

NO--MARKARI.

THINK YOU'RE UP TO HELPIN' US BLOW THIS POPSTAND?

THINK... SO...

SON...? QUASAR. READ ME?

YES.

I'M IN THE SUNKEN CITY OF LEMURIA. CAN YOU CHECK IN ON MY FATHER? HE ISN'T HERE BY ANY CHANCE, IS HE?

HE IS IN HIS HOME, LYING ON THE--

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT. QUASAR OUT.

EITHER I WAS JUST PLAIN HALLUCINATING--OR THAT MONSTER WAS SOMEHOW ABLE TO PLUCK IMAGES OUT OF MY BRAIN AND THROW THEM BACK AT ME.

I HURT TOO MUCH RIGHT NOW TO CARE WHICH.

YOU RESCUED ME, I RESCUED YOU. GUESS WE'RE EVEN STEVEN, HUH?

THE NEXT DAY, AT THE OFFICE...

NNNN! SPENDING THE NIGHT ON THIS COUCH HAS GIVE ME A *STIFF NECK*. AS IF I DIDN'T HURT IN *ENOUGH* PLACES ALREADY.

IF I'D HAD THE *NERVE* TO GO HOME AND DEAL WITH DAD LAST NIGHT, I MIGHT HAVE *SLEPT BETTER*... MAYBE.

I HEAR *KEN* AND *KAYLA* IN THE OTHER ROOM. BETTER BE *QUIET* SO THEY DON'T KNOW I'M *HERE*. I'D HATE TO TRY TO *EXPLAIN* WHAT--

WAIT. WHAT'S ALL THE *COMMOTION* ABOUT OUT THERE?

I'M THE *BOSS*. I DON'T HAVE TO EXPLAIN *ANYTHING* IF I DON'T WANT.

CAN I *HELP* SOMEBODY?

MAN, *LOOK* AT YOU!

WHEN DID *YOU* GET IN?

MR. VAUGHN, I HAVE JUST BROUGHT VAUGHN SECURITIES ITS *FIFTH CLIENT* IN ONE WEEK. AS PER OUR AGREEMENT, I AM THEREFORE ENTITLED TO A *POSITION* IN YOUR FIRM.

I GUESS YOU'RE *RIGHT*, *MISS STECKLEY*. LET ME, UH, MAKE MYSELF A BIT MORE *PRESENTABLE* AND WE CAN DISCUSS YOUR *SALARY REQUIREMENTS* AND SUCH.

AND, IN CONNECTICUT...

OH, BERT...

YOU HAVE COLLAPSED ON THE FLOOR, I SEE.

YOUR *HEART* HAS NOT BEATEN IN 12.6 HOURS. CONSEQUENTLY, YOUR *BRAIN-CELLS* HAVE BEEN CATASTROPHICALLY DEPRIVED OF OXYGEN. *BACTERIAL* DECAY AND *AYCOR MORTIS* WRACKS YOUR FRAGILE FORM.

ALAS, MY FRIEND, *DEATH* HAS CLAIMED YOU.

THIS WILL NOT DO... THIS MOST CERTAINLY WILL NOT DO!

end.